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The Postal Telegraph-Cable Company (Incorporated) transmits and delivers this night lettergram subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back of this blank.

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, President.

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INDEPENDENT COMPETITIVE PROGRESSIVE

H 275 CG F 51
Detroit, Mich. Aug. 9, 1911
BOURBON GARAGE & SUP. CO.,
PARIS, KY.

Flanders 20 wins the 800 mile St Louis to Kansas City re-
liability run. Score 998 two points penalty only for loose
nut on fender Four days of heavy driving sand and mud. Flanders
worked perfectly throughout run defeating Marmon Cadillac Hudson
International Ohio Buick Parry Mitchell and Ford Every car
defeated by Flanders 20 except Ford was much higher priced car
than Flanders and the Ford was completely disqualified.

Dealers and observers all along the line enthusiastic
over the cars wonderful performance. Following three perfect
road scores in Iowa little Gilded Flanders 20 has won every
event in which she has been entered the gruelling 1400 miles
Minneapolis to Helena reliability run the Worcester Hill climb
where she cut fortyseven seconds off the former record and now
the St Louis to Kansas City reliability run. In every event
she has defeated many cars of far greater size and price.

Flanders "20" as well as E-M-F "30"
cars are sold by
Bourbon Garage & Supply Co.
Corner Fourth and High Streets Paris, Kentucky—Phone 347

Chickens and Humans.

There is constant chatter while the pullets are eating—a flow of table-talk that would delight the heart of a hostess. But in the cockerel pen there is no small talk; they saw wood. Every fellow for himself, and the chopping block takes the hindmost. Oh, well, to each his own. And the pot has no need to call the kettle black. The men would rather eat than talk, and the women would rather talk than eat. We may as well own up.—Suburban Life.

Superstition Inane.

Destiny has no pet dates—just as many fortunes have been made on Friday as on Monday and just as many men have died on the tenth as on the thirteenth of the month. The hoot of the owl is only fatal to sleep. To pass under a ladder is merely unintelligent—the inside is the more dangerous side. Your great-great-grandfather burned witches—you burn electric lights. Wake up! You're not in the dark ages.—Woman's World.

Air Needed in Human Lungs.

In one minute, in a state of rest, the average man takes into his lungs about eight liters, or 48.8 cubic inches, of air. In walking, he needs 16 liters, or 97.6 cubic inches; in climbing, 23 liters, or 140.3 cubic inches; in riding at a trot, 33 liters, or 201.3 cubic inches; and in long-distance running, 57 liters, or 347.7 cubic inches.

Diplomacy.

A North Dakota German farmer as pining to fill an appointive office wanted to keep on good terms with both parties. At ten on election night the result was still uncertain when he was called upon for a speech. "Ve meets," he said, "to celebrate dis glorious victory. Ve knows not yet vich way it goes. Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!"—Success Magazine.

Let Them Have It.

Fresh air is the best "dope" for the babies.—Chicago News.

Only a Cow-Coroner.

They were discussing a United States senator who had been a railroad attorney before he became a statesman and who, many thought, had not given up his job when he assumed his toga. "It's all rot!" said a man who knows the senator. "He never was a railroad attorney except to go out and try damage cases. Why, all that man ever was was a cow-coroner!"

Impolite to Auld Cootie.

In conferring the sacrament of baptism our old Scotch priests were accustomed to treat his satanic majesty with quaint incivility. The Latin was usually translated into the vernacular, and when they came to "Exi ab eo, im-munde spiritus," the unclean spirit received his command in the broadest Doric such as "Gang oot o' the bairn, ye muckle deevil!"

Simplicity Marks Mikado.

In raiment, as in food, the mikado's taste is simple to the verge of severity. At public functions he appears in his uniform of commander-in-chief of the army. In the privacy of private life he wears a frock coat. No imported goods are used in the making of his garments. It is his wish that he should be clothed with the products of the industry of his own people.

Triumph for Sandy.

Sandy and his master drove up to the small station as the train approached. "Here's yer train, sir," said Sandy. "That is not my train," replied the master, who had his own ideas about correct speech, "but it's the train I am going by." But it happened to be a special train and didn't stop at the station, whereupon Sandy exclaimed: "We're baith wrang, for it's neither your train nor the ane ye're gaun by, but it's the ane that's gaun by you."

40,000 Splints a Minute.

A machine which cuts up wood to make matches turns out 40,000 "splints," as they are called, in a minute.

For the Uncertain Little Diner.

Thin, white oiled paper spread under the child's plate at the table and extending a little way beyond will protect the tablecloth. This will not be noticeable, especially if it is bought in sheeting and the pieces are cut and laid smoothly on the cloth. When a piece of paper is soiled it may be thrown away or burned and a fresh piece substituted.

Valuable Man.

"I say," cried the business man to the detective, "some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He has been getting in more money than any two of the men we have, and I want him caught as quick as you can." "Ah, right. I'll have him in jail in less than a week." "Great Scott, man! I don't want to put him in jail. I want to engage him!"—Ideas.

Where He Was Safe.

"So you have adopted a baby to raise?" we asked of our friend. "Well, it may turn out all right, but don't you think you are taking chances?" "Not a chance," he answers. "No matter how many bad traits the child may develop, my wife can't say he inherits any of them from my side of the house."—Life.

To Reverse Woman.

The inexplicable, inherent and ineradicable habit of women of alighting backward from a car is expected by a Colorado trolley manager to be cured by the placing of mirrors on car doors so that the fair passengers will feel impelled to face forward to see if their hat is on straight before they alight. As a device for delaying traffic this will be a conspicuous success.

Hobo's Troubles.

"This is a peculiar world," sighed Harry the Hobo. "I've always noticed that the poorer cook a woman is the more likelier she is to have some cold vittles for me when I ask her for them."—Toledo Blade.

Law's Dictum.

"Citizens eligible by law to vote—white men, black men, red men, drunken men, deaf men, dumb men, lame men, sick men, rag men, bad men; citizens ineligible by law to vote—minors, idiots, insane, criminals, women."—Bertha Knobe.

Don't Take Him at His Word.

Sometimes you hear one say he likes to be told his faults, and to have others tell him plainly when they don't like what he does, but don't you believe it. There's only one person can tell a man his faults and still be liked by him, and that's his wife. And even she would better not overdo it.

Pride in the Family.

Tip heard one dark-skinned citizen call another a liar, and looked around to see where he might hide when the razors began to fly. But there was no carving. Instead came this prompt answer: "Deed, I is a liab, but I see de onliest liab in mah family, and yore whole family iz liabs." Right there the argument ended.

Chance for an Investigator.

Wasn't it J. J. Gould who laid the foundation of a great fortune by the sale of rat traps? If so and you have ever tried to set one of these five or ten cent affairs they sell in the department stores, you may well wonder why some one does not follow his example with a mouse trap that can be set without losing all one's religion.—Scientific American.

Naturally.

Boatman—Peter an' me'll not be able to take ye out fishin' tonight. Ma'am; but Peter's nephew will be after takin' ye av ye like. Lady—Well, I hope Peter's nephew is cleaner than Peter is? Boatman—He is, Ma'am, he's younger.—Punch.

Waste of Time.

Most men have wasted some time on planning what they would do if they had a million dollars.